

My Old Lady

is sitting on the floor separating the trading cards she found in her old suitcase. Twelve years ago when she

collected them seriously she was prancing around Peoria in her tight-assed levis thinking that French kissing was for

fallen women and sophomores. When I think about her little butt and maiden's head it moves me and I go over and kiss her

on the part in her hair. She looks up and smiles. "What?" she says. "Nothing," I tell her. "You're a nice girl, that's all."

Making Do

I have moved my belongings out to the race track. My faithless friends and former fiance think I am mad, but that is not the truth,

far from it. It is true that I love the track, that much is true. But it is only because she does not cheat or lie or just tell me that she loves

me. I have had enough of being told and then left in the lurch like some funky horse-player. So now I spend all my mornings out there where it's

nice and cool. Then in the warming afternoons I mix with the crowd. Our conversation is patterned and inevitable: "I like the 3 horse." "Yes," I

reply, "She's got a shot at it." I love dialogue like that, it holds no surprises for the honest lover. At night I wander around the stands, listening

to her settle and moan. She excites me, so I cross the dirt racing strip and leave my clothes on the rail, my seed on the tall green grass.